

CHILDREN OF A KING.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF THE SCIONS OF ROYALTY.

The Royal House of Jesus, and the Sun, the Moon, the Stars and All Nature Are Its Heritage—The Cross Its Great Heraldic Sign.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendor, in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii, 18, "Each one resembled the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia \$12,000,000, Naples, \$25,000,000, Austria, \$40,000,000, and England \$200,000,000; and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

The Ancestral Line.
First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives luster to the family name. In our line was a King and Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Ocultist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing under it, and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Asahel of Jesus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of life depend; No! When I blush, be this my shame— That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its bat-

tery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their screaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe. If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

A Precious Heirloom.
Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled today to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says, "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log, and bees against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky make you feel glad.

The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean under her glance comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away," and once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Homestead of Eternity.
Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorkill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on

the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest who speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower Victoria regia, five feet in diameter. But our lily of the valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are a-bloom with the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntington, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A Celestial Reunion.
A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play on it.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrapbooks, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be 45 years of age, act as though you were 16! Yet soon it is goodbye at the car window, and goodbye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary, and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household—not pale, and sick, and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the luster of heaven, and their cheek rosy with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! Child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

Prodigals at Home.
While I speak, some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banquet hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide; for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the tree by the river gather the 12 manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot nor flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel; for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

USES FOR DEERSKIN.

Guides Who Understand Thoroughly How to Turn It to Good Service.

Guides and the native hunters of the Adirondack region have a variety of uses for the deer they kill. There are still a good many hunters who know how to tan the deer's hide and a few who use as one of the tanning agents liquid extracted from the brain of the deer. From the tanned skin many articles of use are made. The thick hide from the neck of an old buck is excellent for moccasins, and the art of moccasin making still lingers here among those whose ancestors learned it from the Indians. The men and women of French-Canadian extraction are especially apt in household arts of this sort, learned from the savages. Cheap as factory made gloves are, a few women of the region still cut and stitch buckskin gloves.

Whole suits of buckskin are made by expert women of these parts. Such suits were once much used by the thrashers, who traveled from one mountain farm to another to thrash the small oats crop of the region. A buckskin suit is good for a dozen years of hard usage, and with care will last a lifetime. It is remarkably warm and impervious to water.

One rarely sees nowadays such a suit with the hair on. A garment with the hair on to be serviceable must be made from the skins of deer just coming into the "blue," as the hunters express it, for then the hair is short, smooth and tough. Later it is long and brittle. It is necessary, too, if such a suit is to be of uniform color, that it be made from corresponding parts of skins from deer of about the same age and shot about the same time. Even if the law did not stand in the way, it would be difficult in these times to shoot in a single week enough deer of the same age to yield the desired quantity of hide of uniform color, so a deerskin suit with the hair on is rarely seen. One still does see, however, moccasins with hair inside and out, and very soft, warm, inviting slippers they make. Raccoon skin now furnishes cheap fur garments in these parts, and winter residents buy or hire overcoats of coonskin to brave the January winds.

Raw deer hide is used for many purposes. It makes excellent things for tying articles of one kind or another, good whips and indestructible shoestrings. You may buy in these parts rustic chairs with seats and backs of woven rawhide. The green skin is cut in thin strips, stretched until it is almost translucent, and then woven into a seat. The result is a comfortable, elastic chair of almost indestructible material. Deerskins with the hair on are still used for carpets and mats, though here again, as in the case of the deerskin suits, the skin is not serviceable unless the deer be shot just at the right season. Nobody is more fastidious than the Adirondack guide in these little matters. If he cannot have his deerskin coat or carpet just as it should be, he will go without, though he is indifferent enough as to store clothes and ordinary household furniture.

Out of the marrow from the shank bones of the deer the guides make, by a laborious process, a beautifully clear, sweet oil, which will keep in good condition for years. It is much used by jewelers and watchmakers because of peculiar qualities that exactly fit their needs. This oil is sufficiently scarce and useful to sell for a high price.

Buckhorn walking sticks are much commoner in New York than in the Adirondacks, and, indeed, the hunter of today finds little use for the antlers save as trophies. A tiny bone of the leg furnishes sharp and strong tooth-picks for the native hunter, and you may occasionally see in the houses of guides stools, the legs of which are those of the deer, carefully cured with the hide and skin. In beauty and usefulness they fall far short of the excellent and durable furniture that guides make from native evergreen timber.—New York Sun.

At Their Best.
"You should go to church on Sunday," says a correspondent of the Chicago Record, "if you want to see the Nebraska and Dakota families at their best. They come in carriages drawn by fine horses, with well kept harness. Their faces are tanned, and their hands show evidences of useful employment. The men look a little uncomfortable in their store clothes, boiled shirts and starched collars and stand around the entrance to the sanctuary in a stiff, funeral sort of way, but the girls, God bless them! are just as much at home and quite as able to take care of themselves in one place as another. Somehow or another the prettiest ones always sing in the choir. That phenomenon remains unexplained. In the Sunday school old and young, large and small, gather for Bible study an hour after the morning service, and everybody seems to know as much about theology as politics."

Midsummer Attire in London.
Men have become much more liberal minded about dress of late years. Who a few years ago would have dared to walk about the park in white duck trousers? Even now they give one a start. One thinks for a moment a Christy minstrel has strayed in among us by accident. At the Eton and Harrow match a very smart society man appeared in a straw hat. He looked cool but conspicuous.—London Outlook.

No, No! Not For Spite! For Love.
When Lady Randolph Churchill went to England as a bride, she found a fierce rival and opponent in Mrs. West. Lady Randolph Churchill hit upon a fine scheme for revenge. She married Mrs. West's son, who is 24 years her junior, and she did it to spite her old rival.—Acheson Globe.

KIDNEY TROUBLES OF WOMEN

Miss Frederick's Letters Show How She Relied on Mrs. Pinkham and Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired and have bearing down pains. Menstrues have not appeared for three months; sometimes am troubled with a white discharge. Also have kidney and bladder trouble.

I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you and see if you could do me any good."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. Now I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me."—Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1899.

Backache Cured

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to thank you for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. It is the only medicine I have found that helped me. I doctored with one of the best physicians in the city of New York, but received no benefit. I had been ailing for about sixteen years, was so weak and nervous that I could hardly walk; had continued pain in my back and was troubled with leucorrhoea. Menstrues were irregular and painful. Words cannot express the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. MARY BARSHINGER, Windsor, Pa.

Oh, Shining Light!



SACRED SOLO.

This is the latest composition by Spencer Adams, author of "The Holy City." This song is in the same style as the latter, and is full of power and melody.

Written for Bass, Baritone, Alto and Soprano. Send 25 cents for complete copy with Organ Obligation.

COWLES' MUSIC STORE, BARTON.

New Goods!

Prints, cambrics, crash, shirtings, table oil cloths, children's waists and underwear, Hamburg laces, etc.

A few shirt waists and capes to close at reduced prices. Complete assortment of Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Flour, Feed, Nails, Salt, Pails, etc.

Call and see our goods. No trouble to show them. Highest market prices for butter, eggs, sugar, etc.

A. H. GARDYNE,
Brownington Center, Vt.

THE LATEST IN

Ladies' Neckwear

MISS COLBURN'S,
Next Door to Bank.

For the little Summer Millinery which I have left, you can make your own price.

FOR SALE.

A farm known as the E. S. Cooledge farm, and lately owned by Bradley Nabors, being the first farm out of Lowell Village on the road leading to Irasburg, consisting of 195 acres of land divided into tillage, pasture and woodland. Nice, modern two story house and well. Fine new modern barn with all in which is finished horse barn; basement under main barn, good silo connected with barn, all in good state of repair. Fine sugar and apple orchard, good spring of never failing water at both house and barn. The farm has been lately fenced with wire. This farm will be sold for about half what it cost its last previous owner. A part of purchase money can lay on mortgage if desired.

Call on or write
301f BARTON SAVINGS BANK, Barton.



To Beautify

furniture, interior woodwork, etc. our Ready Mixed Paints and Stains are excellent.

These Goods are of Superior Quality. Colors are brilliant and permanent. Paints and Stains are easily applied and will last for years.

We carry a full stock of DRY COLORS, OILS, VARNISHES, WHITE LEAD, BRUSHES, and Painter's Supplies.

H. C. Pierce,
Barton, Vt.

Goods and Prices All Right

TO PLEASE THE TRADE.

Adriance Buckeye Mowers, Champion Rakes, Seythes and Haying Tools.

Doors and Windows, Building Material, Hardware, Etc. Screen Doors and Windows.

PAINTS and OILS.

MONARCH, for outside or inside, is guaranteed to be of pure lead, oil and zinc.

Masonry Railroad Colors have been used about here for fifteen years; costs about \$1.15 per gallon.

Cold Water Paint, something new. Wire for fencing purposes.

W. C. TWOMBLY,
Barton Landing, Vt.

Life, Health and Accident Ins.

The Travelers

INSURANCE CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Writes the best life and accident insurance at the lowest prices, with Guaranteed Results, (no estimates or disappointments). Do not take life insurance without investigating that written by the Travelers. Write, or inquire of

P. L. WEBSTER, AGENT,
Barton, Vt.

Barton Savings Bank.

TRUSTEES:
H. R. CUTLER, H. C. PIERCE, W. W. DINES, P. W. DAVISON, J. E. WINELL, M. B. CHAPPEY, C. W. BRYANT, C. W. WHEELER, F. W. BALDWIN.

Receives and pays deposits daily; deposits made on either of the first three business days of any month, draw interest from the 1st.

Money on hand for all good loans that come within the requirements of the law. Interest will be credited to depositors Jan. 1st and July 1st, compounding twice a year. All taxes in this state are paid by the Bank on deposits of \$1000 or less; deposits are received in sums from \$1 to \$1000. No money loaned to any officer or trustee of the Bank. It is conducted on the basis that absolute safety is of greater importance than high rates of interest.

Money all loaned in Vermont.
Henry R. Cutler, President,
Horace C. Pierce, Vice Pres.,
Clarence S. Webster, Treas.